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KYLE JEKH 2020

IN MEMORIAM

JOE SINNOTT
1926-2020

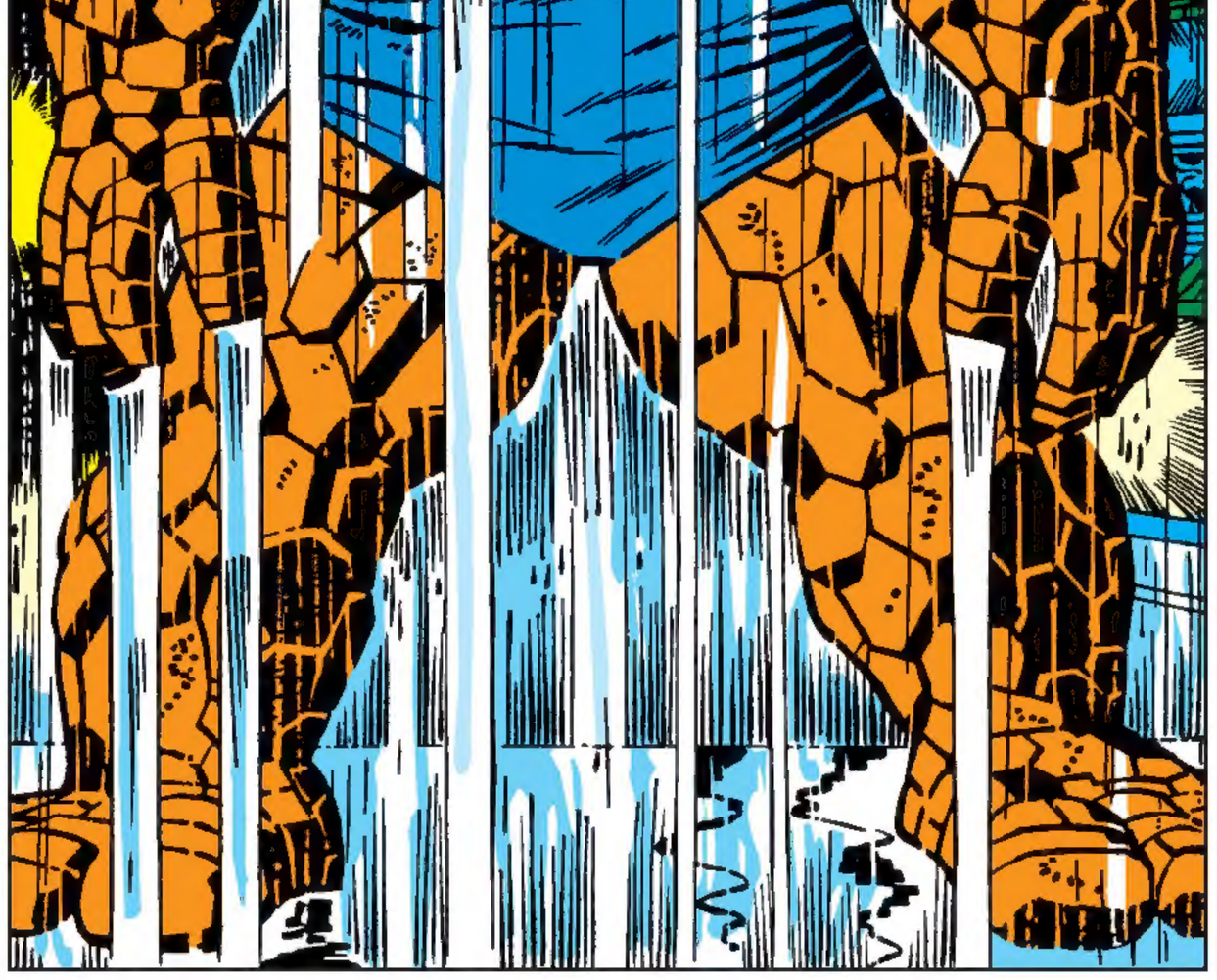
Joe Sinnott was a visionary master of art and story, and from the beginning his work invigorated an entire era of Marvel heroes.

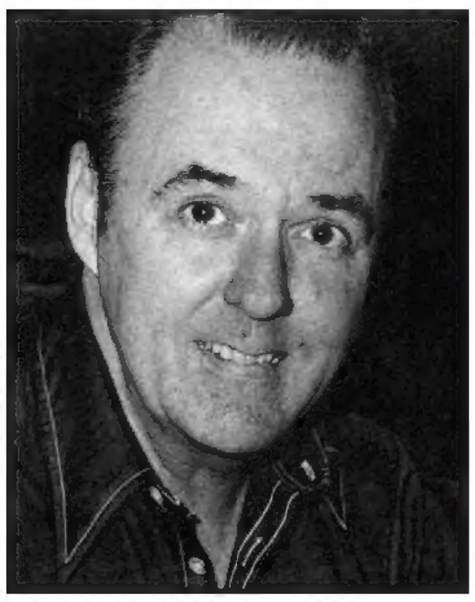
Sinnott earned his first comics assignment in 1950. After apprenticing under *Lone Ranger* artist Tom Gill, he began to get work from Atlas Comics (which later became Marvel) in 1951. As the decade progressed, he penciled stories in just about every genre.

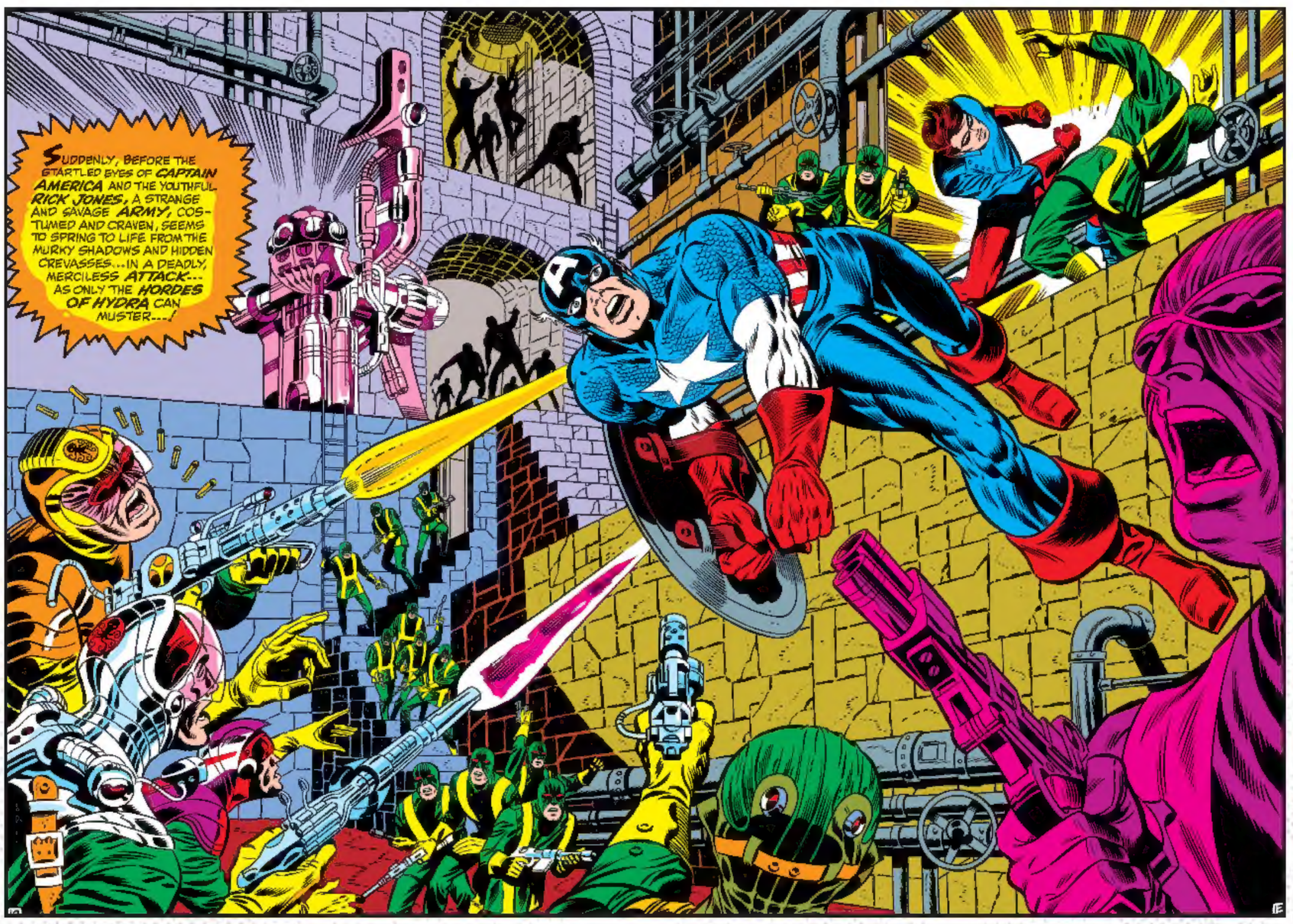
Sinnott first partnered with penciler Jack Kirby in 1960. In 1962, Sinnott landed an assignment that would change his professional life: inking *Fantastic Four #5*, the debut of Doctor Doom. Taking assignments for many companies at the time — including Marvel's *Journey into Mystery #83*, the first appearance of Thor — he returned to "The World's Greatest Comic Magazine" with *Fantastic Four #44*.

From 1965 until 1981, Sinnott embellished nearly every single issue of *Fantastic Four* and from artist to artist maintained a look and feel that conveyed a sense of continuity and familiarity. The fans loved it, and the artist became well known for his work. He had many other milestones along the way, including inks on *Captain America*, *Thor* and *Silver Surfer*.

Sinnott possessed the slickest line in comics, and his incredible brush control and innate artistic ability elevated the work of every penciler he worked in concert with, be they novice or superstar.






SUDDENLY, BEFORE THE STARTLED EYES OF CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE YOUTHFUL RICK JONES, A STRANGE AND SAVAGE ARMY, COSTUMED AND CRAVEN, SEEMS TO SPRING TO LIFE FROM THE MURKY SHADOWS AND HIDDEN CREVASSES...IN A DEADLY, MERCILESS ATTACK--- AS ONLY THE HORDES OF HYDRA CAN MUSTER---!

MARXHOTZ.
BLACK SITE KREE PRISON FACILITY.
PLANETOID NEAR THE BENNAZAR RIFT.

THIS PLACE.

OLD. ACIDIC AND WAR-TORN.

I KNEW IT ONCE. THOUGH IT HAS NEVER KNOWN ME.

I WAS KREE. MADE ***MORE.***

I AM TOLD I WAS ONCE CALLED ***ZAK-DEL...***

‹MOVE! DAMN YOU! GET HER ARMS PINNED DOWN!›*

‹PLEASE! MY SON IS--›

‹YOUR SON IS DEAD! YOU WANT TO JOIN HIM? KEEP ON--›

NOW I AM KNOWN AS THE PALE ONE. THE GRAY RIDER.

*TRANSLATED FROM KREE.

‹--TALKING.›

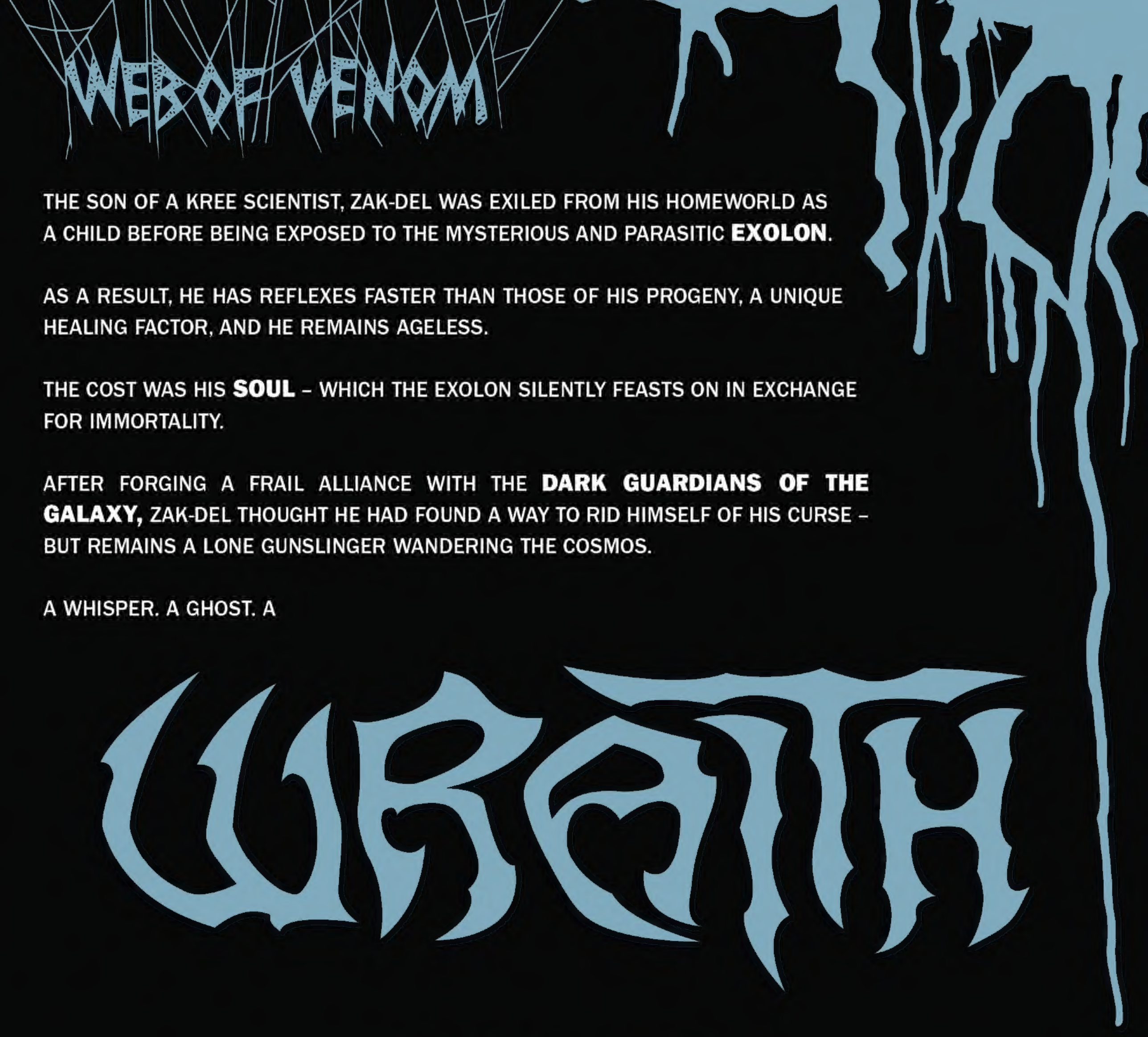
THE WIND THAT WALKS.

MANY NAMES FOR ONE WHO IS NAMELESS.

MANY NAMES FOR A

WRAITH.

UNHAND THE WOMAN.



THE SON OF A KREE SCIENTIST, ZAK-DEL WAS EXILED FROM HIS HOMEWORLD AS A CHILD BEFORE BEING EXPOSED TO THE MYSTERIOUS AND PARASITIC **EXOLON**.

AS A RESULT, HE HAS REFLEXES FASTER THAN THOSE OF HIS PROGENY, A UNIQUE HEALING FACTOR, AND HE REMAINS AGELESS.

THE COST WAS HIS **SOUL** – WHICH THE EXOLON SILENTLY FEASTS ON IN EXCHANGE FOR IMMORTALITY.

AFTER FORGING A FRAIL ALLIANCE WITH THE **DARK GUARDIANS OF THE GALAXY,** ZAK-DEL THOUGHT HE HAD FOUND A WAY TO RID HIMSELF OF HIS CURSE – BUT REMAINS A LONE GUNSLINGER WANDERING THE COSMOS.

A WHISPER. A GHOST. A

WRAITH

DONNY CATES WRITER

GUIU VILLANOVA ARTIST

DEAN WHITE COLOR ARTIST

VC's CLAYTON COWLES LETTERER

KYLE HOTZ & DAN BROWN COVER ARTISTS

E.M. GIST; JUAN JOSE RYP & BRIAN REBER
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THE WOMAN. NOT MY CONCERN.

NO REASON TO DO THIS. BREAKS THE PLAN. BRINGS HEAT.

TELEPORTER TECH ON MY WRIST I STOLE FROM EROS WEIGHS HEAVY.

THE DRAW WILL BE SLOW.

NO REASON TO DO THIS.

STILL.

NEEDS DOING.

FWASH

SLOW.

‹LISTEN TO ME.›

‹TH-THANK YOU. I CANNOT--›

‹GO TO THE MOUNTAIN RANGE OUTSIDE OF THE GAVIX DRIFT. WALK SUN-HIGH UNTIL YOUR FEET ARE WET AND THE WIND IS ON YOUR LEFT.›

‹I WAS BORN HERE.›

‹THERE YOU WILL FIND A SETTLEMENT OF OUTLANDERS. THEY WILL TAKE YOU.›

‹GO NOW. BRING NOTHING.›

‹HOW... HOW DO YOU KNOW THIS?›

LONG AGO, THIS WORLD WAS A PARADISE.

MY FATHER... SIM-DEL. HE MADE IT THAT WAY.

AND THE KREE MADE HIM SUFFER FOR IT.

THE OLD CITY WAS BURNED WHEN THE DEATH TROOPS TOOK IT OVER.

THEY BUILT THIS HORROR ON TOP OF MY HOME.

FATHER'S LAB. STILL BURIED UNDERNEATH.

LONG WAY DOWN.

COULD USE THE TELEPORT GAUNTLET ON MY WRIST. BUT THE TECH IS OLD. UNRELIABLE.

TOO MANY JUMPS AND IT DESTABILIZES. ATOMS TORN APART. BAD NEWS.

THIS WAY IS CLEANER.

MORE FUN.

IN THE PASSING DAYS, I HAVE SOLD MY GUNS TO A MAN NAMED EROS. BROTHER OF THANOS.

I HELPED HIM TO CAPTURE A WOMAN CALLED GAMORA IN EXCHANGE FOR INFORMATION.*

*BACK IN GUARDIANS OF THE GALAXY (2019) #5, TRUE BELIEVERS! --DEVIN

ABOUT MY CURSE.

ABOUT MY GOD.

THE DISC HE GAVE ME HAD TWO SETS OF COORDINATES AND AN ENCRYPTION I COULD NOT BREAK...

THE FIRST SET OF COORDINATES HAS BROUGHT ME HERE...

THOUGH I MUST CONFESS I DO NOT KNOW WHY...

WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO SHOW ME, EROS?

WHAT IS HIDDEN IN MY PAST THAT WOULD...

OH.

MEMORIES ARE TIED TO PAIN.

UNF!

SHNK

I MAKE MYSELF REMEMBER.

THE PAST FLOODS.

MY FATHER...WANTED TO *BANISH* THE DARKNESS.

HE...CREATED AN ENERGY SOURCE THAT WOULD BRING LIGHT TO THE GALAXY.

HE BROUGHT LIGHT TO THE WORLD...

AND IN DOING SO...DARKNESS FELL ON HIM.

ON *US.*

AS THE KREE SENT THEIR DEATH TROOPS TO SLAUGHTER MY PEOPLE.

I WATCHED...AS THEY TOOK MY WORLD FROM ME.

I RAN. FELL. MY SHIP *SWALLOWED* BY THE DARKNESS.

TRAPPED IN THE KINGDOM OF THE NAMELESS, MY SOUL WAS DEVOURED BY THE EXOLON HORDE.

PARASITES. MADE FROM LIVING ABYSS... I WAS...

...BORN INTO DARKNESS BECAUSE OF MY FATHER'S REBELLION AGAINST IT.

ALL THIS TIME...I NEVER UNDERSTOOD.

NEVER UNDERSTOOD WHAT HE WAS SEARCHING FOR...

WHAT HE WAS AFRAID OF...

FATHER...

...WHAT DID YOU FIND?

I DO NOT KNOW WHY EROS BROUGHT ME HERE...

NOTHING HERE BUT QUESTIONS.

NOTHING BUT GHOSTS...

ONE LAST JUMP LEFT ON THE TELEPORTER GAUNTLET BEFORE IT RIPS ME IN HALF...

FOOLISH. NOT READY. TOO SLOW.

STILL...

...NEEDS DOING.

KLYNTAR.
PLANET OF THE SYMBIOTES.
CAGE OF KNULL.

THIS PLANET. ALIVE.

CAN FEEL ITS HUNGER.

MY EXOLON... RELATED... CAN...SENSE IT...

PAIN TIED TO MEMORIES.

MEMORIES... NOT...NOT MY OWN.

WHAT IS THIS?!

WHO IS THIS MAN?

WHO IS EDDIE BROCK?

WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO SHOW ME?!

AGHHH!!!

HAVE TO MAKE IT STOP. HAVE TO END THIS BEFORE--

THE WORLD COMES APART.

BLOOMS IN THE VOID.

AND THEN THERE IS SILENCE.

AND THEN...

...THERE IS *HIM.*

WAKING.

I CAN FEEL HIM.

TOO SLOW. MOVE. *MOVE.*

TOO SLOW. TOO OLD.

CAN'T MOVE.

LOOK AT ME!

BAD NEWS.

I'M SORRY...

DO I... KNOW YOU? I APOLOGIZE, I'VE JUST WOKEN UP, AND THERE IS SO MUCH ON MY MIND...

YOU... CERTAINLY...FEEL FAMILIAR...

YOU ARE THE EXOLON GOD. KNULL.

YOU-- YOU STOLE MY SOUL!

I WILL...HAVE MY--

"EXOLON"?

I'M SORRY, I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT THAT IS...

LIAR!

YOUR DARKNESS! INFECTED ME IN THE EXOTERIC LATITUDE!

TOSSED AWAY WITH THE NAMELESS!

AH, I SEE. THE EXOTERIC LATITUDE. I BELIEVE I REMEMBER THIS NOW.

I USED IT AS A DUMPING GROUND FOR MY FAILED EXPERIMENTS.

I'M SORRY, CHILD. YOU HAVE SPENT YOUR LIFE THINKING YOU WERE CURSED...

I'M AFRAID IT WASN'T ANYTHING SO DRAMATIC...

YOU WERE BORN FROM MY TRASH.

FINALLY.

ANSWERS.

LAST DRAW.

GO DOWN SHOOTING.

LET THIS BE IT, THEN.

TOO SLOW!

ON MY FEET.

YOU WANT TO BE FREE?!

GUN'S EMPTY.

THEN I RELEASE YOU, CHILD!

AGH!

DYING.

FREE.

MMMM... AH, YES. I DO REMEMBER THIS NOW.

HELLO, LITTLE ONES.

WELCOME HOME.

DON'T... WALK...AWAY... FROM ME.

F-FINISH IT...

RAGH!

FINISH IT! YOU COWARD! LOOK AT ME, YOU--

NOW...

...WHERE WAS I?

THIS PLACE.

OLD. DARK. COLD.

I HAVE KNOWN IT AS LONG AS I HAVE LIVED.

I AM TOLD I WAS ONCE CALLED ZAK-DEL. A KREE CHILD, TOSSED INTO THE BLACK.

AND THEN...

THE PALE ONE.

THE GRAY RIDER.

THE WIND THAT WALKS.

MANY NAMES FOR ONE WHO WAS NAMELESS.

MANY NAMES...

...FOR A WRAITH.

AND NOW...

...I WAIT.

FOR THE DARKNESS TO TAKE ME AGAIN.

TO TAKE ME BACK.

ASH. BACK TO ASH. DUST...UNTO--

...NO...

THE SHAPE...THE ONE FROM MY FATHER'S LAB...

...THE LIGHT HE SOUGHT...

...HERE.

AND WITH IT...A VOICE.

SINGING AND BURNING THROUGH THE VOID.

IT CALLS A WORD.

HIS NAME.

AND THEN...

...FOR A MOMENT...

...THE DARKNESS IS GONE.

BANISHED BY ITS VOICE.

SCARED. I CAN...I CAN HEAR IT AS THE LIGHT MOVES THROUGH ME.

LOW RUMBLING UNDERNEATH THE DEAFENING CHOIR OF THE LIGHT.

THE VOID **SCREAMS.**

AND THEN...

...IT IS DONE. GONE. A GHOST...

THE LIGHT...IT LEAVES ME WITH A GIFT. ONE LAST BREATH.

A MESSAGE.

LAST JUMP. TOO FAR. WILL TEAR ME APART.

LAST RIDE. NO COMING BACK...

...BUT I HAVE TO TRY...

BROCK.

HE MUST KNOW.

NEW YORK CITY. NOW.

HE IS NOT ALONE.

WHAT...WHAT ARE YOU SAYING TO ME RIGHT NOW?

IT'S HOW I LIKE IT.

SON, THE BROCK FAMILY DOES NOT PUT KETCHUP ON HOT DOGS.

YOU EAT BRAINS.

HOT DOG

$1

$2.00

HOT DOG

PRETZEL

I'M NEVER GOING TO LIVE THAT DOWN, AM--

DAD!

EDDIE! LOOK! THERE, IN THE STREET!

DYLAN, GET DOWN!

AGHH!

EDDIE... CALM DOWN...

WHAT? WHY THE HELL SHOULD WE--

THIS ONE... HE FEELS... FAMILIAR...

HE IS... IN PAIN. DYING.

EDDIE BROCK...

LISTEN... TO...ME...

PLEASE... BROCK...

WHO ARE YOU? HOW DO YOU KNOW US? HOW DID YOU FIND--

LISTEN TO ME! YOU HAVE TO KNOW...

...IT IS COMING. FOR YOU.

WHO IS? *KNULL?* ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT--

NO!

THERE IS ANOTHER.

KNULL, HE HAS A SHADOW. AN OPPOSITE.

HEY! HEY, COME BACK!

A GOD...OF LIGHT...

NO! WHAT...

...WHAT THE HELL DOES THAT MEAN?

TO BE CONTINUED...

VENOM

THIS IS IT, VENOMANIACS! LAST WINTER YOU SAW KNULL, THE GOD OF THE SYMBIOTES, ERUPT FROM HIS CAGE AT THE HEART OF THE PLANET KLYNTAR! IN THIS ISSUE YOU SAW WHAT HAPPENED JUST SECONDS AFTERWARDS. BUT WHAT DO THE DAYS, WEEKS, AND MONTHS THAT FOLLOW HOLD IN STORE? THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT – KEEP READING! LET US KNOW WHAT YOU THINK OF THE STORY SO FAR BY WRITING TO US AT SPIDEYOFFICE@MARVEL.COM! BE SURE TO MARK YOUR LETTERS "OKAY TO PRINT"!

NEXT! THE ONE AND ONLY EDDIE BROCK WILL HAVE HIS HANDS FULL WITH **VENOM BEYOND**! DON'T MISS IT!

ZONE